

## SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

JOHN HENRY ZUVER, Editor.  
GABRIEL R. SUMMERS, Publisher.

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MARCH 31, 1916.

## COL. ROOSEVELT'S "DEVIL BIRD" OUR NEXT DIVERSION.

Col. Roosevelt's expedition to Africa gave the American people a sort of college course in zoology. His Brazil exploration brushed up our geography and gave us the celebrated River of Doubt. And now his visit to the West Indies has given us a new bird that's worth all the trouble and expense of the trip. The colonel landed in New York full of enthusiasm over the gaucho—chico—which, if not entirely new to tropical naturalists, was at least new to the colonel himself, and is a pleasing novelty to the rest of us.

The gaucho, it seems, is a bird that lives in a cave, has whiskers, prowls around at night, eats nuts—presumably locating them by the noise they make in the dark—and howls like a mad dog, only more so. So fearsome are its nocturnal warblings that the natives at Trinidad, where Col. Roosevelt made the acquaintance of this ornithological freak, call it the "diablotin," or "little devil."

This provides an agreeable diversion from prolonged contemplation of war, national defense and politics. What a fine thing it would be if more of our statesmen and publicists gave a little serious attention to natural history!

P. S.—By the way, is it possible that the devil bird is fabled to be the g. o. p. emblem this year?

## ARE MAYORS KELLER AND GAYLOR TRYING TO SIDESTEP GAS CASE?

Mayor Keller was quite right if, as reported to his "mass" meeting of "always-presents" Tuesday night, the gas company has had the nerve to offer to reduce rates five per cent, and he turned them down. Not only that, but as his story goes, this enormously reduced rate, as proposed, was not to become effective for two years. It will be interesting, no doubt, when the time comes, to hear, if possible, what kind of compromise proposition the gas company will make to the "mass meetings" committee to be appointed by Mayors Keller and Gaylor, and how long it will be before their report will be available.

The "mass" meeting was an enormous success—with emphasis on the enormous. Twenty-five from South Bend and Mishawaka attended, most of them members of the two city administrations. Administration courses say there were sixty, but letting them have their way, evidently the public is growing wise to the nonsensical self-justification involved in such sessions, under the mayor's auspices. Sixty is surely some "mass"—from two cities of a combined population of 80,000—but now that it is over, the merits of what occurred is of the larger importance.

The public that has been clamoring for reduced gas rates for years, is almost certain to ask the question, why was the meeting turned into a vehicle of delay? Is this compromise committee intended to hasten matters, or to retard matters? We remember that the electric company, through its henchmen, including its lawyers, were adept at voicing about town wild stories of how easy it would have been to settle electric rates without going to the public service commission, and it may be that this committee has been thought necessary to put a check on the dissemination of that same line of bunk by the same lawyers, and pretty much the same henchmen, representing the gas magnates. We do not know, of course, for we are very much outside the mayor's inner circle, and can only guess, but he it is, may, the mayor ought to have had enough experience by this time to know that in the end he will take exactly what the commission allows him, and no more, and that these invented stories of tendered reductions will go on just the same.

There is no reason, with the city's petition filed before the commission nearly two years ago, why the case should not, at least, be pretty nearly ready for a hearing, rather than just at the stage of more gallery-play "mass" meetings. It ought to have been easy to have reached the agreement as to the division of expense between the two cities a year or more ago, as well as now, same as was done with Elkhart in the electric case. For some unknown reason the gas case has been delayed. Manipulators for the gas magnates have been able to keep the thing sidetracked until we are almost bound to wonder if public pressure has not forced the mayors to find excuse for longer delay somewhere, and resorted to the "mass" meeting and its outcome to that end. The committee, to us, at least, resembles nothing nearer than so many shoulders to shift responsibility to, and excuse further a delay which has already become quite intolerable.

In the electric case the mayors of South Bend and Elkhart, supported by their city attorneys and specially employed engineers, went to the bat, and results more or less satisfactory to the public, was a comparatively early result. Why an outside "citizen" committee in the gas case? Ordinarily we would say to the mayor, "be not weary in well-doing," or, has sidestepping this issue, as so long promoted by the gas magnates, become such a habit with him that it is not wearisome but unwillingness? South Bend wants the gas case tried, and the most possible gotten out of it, and this regardless of the recent consolidations and ex parte rates permitted by the commission, which may, or may not, be causing this fusing.

It may mean a fight, and probably does, and that a hard one, for everybody knows that the local gas company is infinitely hogish, wants the earth, has a good share of it, and that after its years of legislative manipulations through hired lobbyists, mountains of gold and rivers of champagne, it is not going to give up any of its "graff" if it can help it. It is a fight, however, that can be made, and even won, with the right quality

of brains and determination, and if Mayors Keller and Gaylor with their two city attorneys, and assisted by special engineers, are afraid of that fight, the honorable thing for them to do is to admit it, rather than to try to shoulder it off on some outside committee.

## OUR AIR SCOUTS IN MEXICO NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

There has been much criticism of the army aviation corps operating with the expedition in Mexico. Some of it is probably justified. Somebody is surely to be criticised for the failure to develop this arm of the service more effectively. There should have been more aviators and aeroplanes ready when the critical time came. There should have been more powerful and dependable machines.

But after admitting this, it must be granted that, with the equipment at their disposal, the American aviators have done as well as could be expected under extraordinarily hard conditions. It is not generally recognized that they have been flying in a region almost as difficult as the Alps. They are obliged to start from a plateau a mile above sea level. Merely to rise from the ground in that altitude calls for powerful engines—and the engines used seem intended rather for sea-level flying. They have to go up 3,000 or 4,000 feet higher to clear the tops of the mountains and avoid the bullets of sniping Villistas. Of the two perils, they say, the mountain climbing is the worse. One or two of the flyers found it impossible to get over the mountains, for lack of horsepower.

Even for the work the engines are capable of, the conditions are far worse than those faced by most of the European army aviators. In that rough and barren country it is often impossible to find a safe landing place, and yet the high winds and changing temperatures tax all an aviator's skill to keep in the air. The wonder is that the air scouts have done as well as they have, under the circumstances.

## DYSPEPSIA BREEDS PHILANTHROPY FOR UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.

A wealthy man left \$700,000 to the University of Rochester to endow a department of dietetics. He had suffered most of his life from dyspepsia and bequeathed his fortune to the cure of other sufferers.

Eating is one of the things which most Americans do senselessly. The family which has its food planned to increase health and efficiency, instead of simply to please the palate, is a rare one.

"Jim Jones won't eat grapefruit for breakfast any more. He says he can't digest acids and starches at the same time. I say, eat what you like when you want it. I'd die before I'd be a food crank like Jim!" is a characteristic utterance. And yet Jim may have eliminated the suffering of years by the simple device of eating his fruit between meals instead of with them, thus separating the acids and starches without losing the benefits of either. And the man who "wouldn't be a food crank" is probably dosing himself with all sorts of nostrums and taking all sorts of expensive trips and treatments to cure what he calls his "rheumatism," which could be entirely thrown off and kept off by a little intelligent "crankiness."

It is probable that the University of Rochester will not, even with its \$700,000, be able to find a panacea for all forms of dyspepsia. But if it succeeds in calling attention to the advisability of keeping instead of breaking the laws of nourishment by which bodies function, it will have fulfilled the purpose of its dietetic endowment.

## CLARA MORRIS STILL YOUNG ON HER SIXTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.

Clara Morris has just celebrated her sixty-ninth birthday. She and her mother live with a maid and a nurse, in an old house by the sea at Whitestone, L. I. The house was in the family of her husband who died several years ago, Frederick C. Harriott. Her mother is ninety-three, and was well enough to arrange the birthday flowers for her daughter.

The famous actress has come through illness, loss, fear of poverty, danger of blindness, after a long lifetime of entertaining the public. She has lived as well as she played. She has stood up to her troubles and kept her soul serene. She has met life bravely and without bitterness.

Miss Morris wrote the other day to a newspaper: "I am thinking that our old friend, Damocles has received a lot of undeserved sympathy, for the presence of the sword over one's head—after the first terror—simply gives a keener savor to life, intensifies its sweetness and beauty and makes us conscious of each separate joy."

To turn the dangling sword into an instrument of gladness takes a fine and courageous spirit. Clara Morris deserves, what she has long had, the affection and sympathy of the American people.

## DOMESTIC ARTS THAT COUNT IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

The Woman's club of Montclair, N. J., recently conducted a domestic arts contest in which more than a hundred girls competed. These contests differed from many such in the type of domestic accomplishments emphasized. Elaborately embroidered pincushions, hand painting and other ladylike accomplishments were left out, or at least were plainly relegated to their proper places of minor importance. The homely art of bed-making was a source of keen competition while dressmaking and millinery came in for their share of attention.

This is a new conception of what the domestic arts really are. It puts the frills and luxuries in the background, emphasizing the essentials of successful house-keeping and home-making. Dish washing, cleaning, cooking as well as bed-making are domestic arts that are now beginning to come in for a little scientific attention. There are efficient ways to do them all, which common sense and modern methods teach. Whether a woman does these things herself or delegates them to others while she enters some business or professional field, she can profitably learn what present-day art and science have to teach her about them.

## KENTUCKY FOLLOWS TENNESSEE IN FIGHT FOR PURE SEED.

We have had pure food legislation for many years. Now we are just getting around to pure seed legislation—a matter which is almost as important, because of its effect on our food supply.

The Kentucky legislature has enacted a law, modeled on one which has been in force in Tennessee for six years, forbidding the sale of adulterated seeds. The lack of such a law heretofore, says the Owensboro Messenger, has been responsible for the state being covered with inferior pastures and meadows, and as a direct result, with less profitable stock farms. Seed merchants of states more careful of the purity of their grass and crop seeds have been dumping into Kentucky the seeds they could not sell at home. Not only have Kentucky grazing lands and tilled areas deteriorated from that cause, but many farmers, discouraged with the poor results they obtained from inferior seed, and ignorant of the true cause, have "abandoned their washing soils to the gully-making rains and freezes."

All that is expected to be changed by the new law, whereby the farmers and stock raisers will do their part in cooperating with nature. If there were a similar law, fully enforced, in every state, there would be a vast increase in the nation's crop and land values.

## THE MELTING POT

FILLED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

## VILLA.

Villa at the border.  
Villa's gone south.  
Whole army in disorder.  
Villa down in the mouth.

Villa is surrounded.  
His capture is near.  
Rumor's unfounded.  
Is the next we hear.

Villa is wounded.  
He's shot in the hip.  
People astounded.  
He gives them the slip.

He splits up his bandits  
And takes to the hills.  
We can't understand it.  
But foot all the bills.

We know that he's there  
And that's all we know.  
Except that he's where  
He hasn't a foe.

Call for Mr. Villa! Call for Mr. Villa. Mister Villa, Villa, Villa, Villa—

"Report is not confirmed," and "it is reported," are essentials around any newspaper office this present day.

You can't blame newspapers, though, since the European nations have a different system than the one in the United States. Over there they never report failures or disasters, but over here!

Well, here's a sample.  
"We lost another aeroplane today. The machine was in apparent good condition when the flight began, but after being up in the air for five hours and after being pierced by 17 shots, five of which went through the gasoline tank, the machine doubled up and fell to the earth. Luckily it fell within our lines and the aviator was able to give Gen. Hunston information which led to the defeat of the rival forces. An investigation of the collapse of the machine has been ordered."

We are like the proud father who whipped his son because all he got in general average at school was 99.9 per cent.

"Light lure for big fellows," is popular fiction with lots of readers at present.

"Am acquainted with the eyes," an optician advertises. The chances are

if he is married he knows something of the hooks also.

Apparently the only thing the American private soldier can do is march and fight if he gets a chance to fight. They certainly don't look good till they have to do something.

With Jess Willard pulling down \$45,000 in one night and Charley Chaplin getting more than \$10,000 for a week's work, few of the lads today are dreaming of becoming president.

Add to signs of spring: Open doors.

## WRONG AGAIN.

"I want a pair of hose."  
The modest hubby said.  
The pretty miss  
Said "how is this?"  
He answered, "Not those.  
Or I'd send my wife instead."

Man may want little here below,  
But he doesn't hesitate about asking for plenty.

As an illustration, Assist. Sec'y Roosevelt's plea for eight battle-ships.

An impromptu meeting of the St. Joe County Bar association was held at the Colonial theater Wednesday night. Practically every lawyer in town wanted to see if the movie camera caught his likeness.

This is the kind of weather that puts the eat in wheat. Handed in.

## EXPLAINING IT.

"Of course, I would have bought a big car, but I didn't want a big car. This little car is enough for me and my wife and we don't need a big car. I could have paid \$5,000 for a car and never noticed it, but this little old car is as good as those big \$5,000 cars, and they don't cost half as much to operate, and the money is as good to me as it is to them, and then this little car is the kind I wanted."

We see work ahead for Mr. Roosevelt's bird.

In fact, we would like to borrow him.

For a year.

## STATESMEN GREAT AND AND NEAR-GREAT

By Fred Kelly

WASHINGTON, March 30.—When things become a bit dull about his office, Congressman Mike Conroy of New York amuses himself by calling various other congressmen on the telephone, representing himself to be a constituent, and asking them insulting questions in a rich Irish brogue. No congressman wants to lose the Irish vote in his district, and the members thus called up try to talk politely to Conroy. But he threatens them with what he is going to say about them when he returns home, and has a merry little time all to himself. One day Conroy called Congressman Caldwell of New York and asked how he intended to vote on a certain matter. Caldwell did not wish to declare himself and said that he would vote whatever way seemed to be for the best interests of the country.

"What country?" demanded Conroy.  
"The United States, of course."  
"Aw, what you givin' us?" rudely responded Conroy. "I'm talkin' about Ireland."



At which point he abruptly hung up the receiver, leaving Caldwell in a much perplexed and discomfited state of mind all the rest of the day.

Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, the British ambassador—whom Montague Glass refers to as Sir String-Beans—has an astonishing memory. If you had told him something 10 years ago, he could repeat it today almost word for word. He might not be able to recall who you were, but once he got you identified he would recall everything you talked about. If he reads a poem he has committed to memory without reading it through again. And having once learned it, the thing stays with him. He may not think of the poem again for years, but when he does he can still repeat it.

Here is a letter received the other day by Congressman Caffery of Massachusetts from a constituent, who, one gathers, was interested somewhat in matters relating to the subject of hens:

"Dear sir I want to make hen, growing hens, only mak business on it, but I don't know very well about it, all, therefore I beg of you to send me about hen information book and let me know the price before or after send the book which I pay you the reward, hens is mostly what I want to know about."

## WITH OTHER EDITORS THAN OURS

THOUSANDS OF REPUBLICANS.

(New Castle Daily Times.)

The editorial in the Sunday Star analyzing the opposition to Thomas Taggart and ending with the assertion that thousands of republicans in Indiana would vote for him if they had the opportunity, must have left a bad taste in the mouths of a lot of busybodies who have either been maligning him for years or drinking in as gospel and truth all the insinuations and unfounded attacks on his political and private character.

When Fr. Gavisk, the head of the state board of charities, which oversees all our charitable and benevolent institutions, including poor houses and jails, and is not a political place, comes out in bold praise of him, it makes the people wonder why all this malignity and vicious talk. And when Mrs. Albion Fellows, the author of the tenement house law, and who has been instrumental in having more laws affecting social conditions put on the books than any woman in the state, voluntarily comes forward and says that Mr. Taggart did more than any man in the state to help her, and was for every law she proposed, it is time for the good people of this state to stop listening to gossip and to malignant liars and give ear to people who have spent years in trying to benefit their fellow men, to alleviate the conditions of the poor and to help humanity.

After these listen to the heads of the charitable and benevolent institutions in the state, of every educational institution, and hear them tell how Mr. Taggart did more for them than any other, because he had the courage and the conviction to stand the criticism of spending a few dollars, although it was for a good purpose.

Mr. Taggart may not seek the nomination for United States senator, but it is a question whether or not he can evade it. Back of him he will have the powerful support of the schools and educational interests, the solid business men and the laboring men.

## FORTY YEARS OF TELEPHONE.

(Kalamazoo, Mich., Gazette.)

It is seldom an inventor enjoys the experience that lately befel the lot of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell. On the 40th anniversary of the first intelligible word message delivered over the wire, he unveiled two memorial tablets in Boston, one in a building where he brought to successful conclusion his experiments in transmitting sound; the other in a building from which, less than a year later, he talked to Thomas A. Watson through the sensitive instrument that embodies his genius.

The telephone must be counted with the epoch-making inventions of the 19th century. It has been as revolutionary in its effect on the social and business life of the world as the automobile, and as the aeroplane promises to be. Both of these latter were made possible through the invention of the gasoline engine, which

possibly has been a greater factor in reconstructing the modern world than any other mechanical device.

And the telephone shares the distinction of the gasoline engine in being the progenitor of other inventions. Out of it grew the phonograph in its varied forms and the dictaphone. Human genius has given us few things more intimate in their relation to life than the telephone and its derivatives.

Prof. Bell has lived to see his first few yards of wire lengthen until they cross a continent and enmesh within their network the 100,000,000 people of a nation. And now the wire, stretched to extreme attenuation, is vanishing. If he be spared a few more years he may hear the human voice borne across the ocean on ether waves. Europe and America may converse as readily as Kalamazoo and San Francisco.

It was worth living 40 years for such an experience. And it is good to know that the man who made these great achievements was privileged himself to unveil the tablets that commemorate their inception.

## PLAIN EDUCATIONAL NEEDS.

(New York Press.)

What have we a right to demand for our children of the public schools and colleges? That is a pertinent question; it lies in the background of most educational discussions. Some folk think the schools are doing too much. Some would widen their scope further.

An excellent platform of essentials to be demanded of any educational system has been outlined by John T. Devine. His requirements are three. They are brief, crisp, inclusive. They are:

Schools should teach efficiency so that the pupils shall not know poverty.

They should teach principles of health, so that the pupils shall not know disease.

They should impart respect for law, so that pupils shall not know jails and penitentiaries.

Couple with that a remarkable paper published through the Rockefeller foundation, written by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard. His remarks amplify the first point, that of efficient training.

Dr. Eliot pleads for "thorough training of the senses." More eye work and more hand work are needed, not only for those pupils who would become artists or draftsmen, but for every one, because every one needs to use his senses more efficiently.

It is a reflection upon our civilization that we should have to revert to the barbarian or to the animal kingdom for smiles that express keenness of vision, acuteness of hearing, delicacy of touch. We speak of the keen eye of a hawk, the sharp ear of a stag and the silent tread of a tiger.

These things form the basis for the rounding out of a man's self, and they have been neglected in the education of most of us. If you don't believe it listen to the muddled testimony of witnesses in any court trial.

## GAMBLING.

(Kokomo Dispatch.)

Indianapolis is just now having its periodical struggle with violations of the gambling laws and seems to be astonished that there is so much of it.

The capital city ought to put that wide-eyed innocent act on the stage or make a scenario for the movies of it, for it is about the funniest thing that this humor-loving community pulls off for the benefit of the uninitiated public.

The great trouble lies in the fact that it is not the mere fact of the games of chance in operation which brings on the evil; it is the fact that gambling in the form in which it flourishes under the eyes of the police is the cowardly aspect of high-way robbery and connects itself with the most contemptible and degenerate influences of society.

We are accustomed to look upon gambling in the light of some of the men we know who have been called "gamblers" and knowing them and some of their amiable traits we infer that all gamblers are of the same kind. Nothing is farther from the truth. The big city gambler has not the remotest relation to anything manly or decent and is as "yellow" as a painted lemon. He is a parasite and differs from the common thug only in the fact that he hasn't the courage to use a blackjack. Gambling in this sense is the deepest ooze of the underworld and the miserable wretches who live on the industry of others have struck the bottom of human society. They are not so much a cause of crime as a result of it; they are a symptom of dishonest law enforcement, and when the time comes that executives really enforce the statutes there will be no such miserable elements of society.

## FIFTY-FIVE, PLEASE.

(Washington Democrat.)

South Bend is trying to get its gas rate reduced from \$1.16 to 80 cents a thousand. It looks like the rate of gas in Indiana will have to come down. Formerly for lighting purposes the rates did not appear so high. However, since gas is being used so extensively for heating and cooking the old lighting prices gathered in the coils might east. Doubtless, there will be a general overhauling of gas prices in the state before long to meet new conditions. Indianapolis already as 60-cent gas.

## KEEPING UP.

(Washington Democrat.)

Indianapolis bank clearings for last week were \$19,000,000 in round numbers, as against \$7,000,000 for the same week last year. This shows Indiana is keeping up with the business procession.

Say

# Runkel's

You'll be glad you did when you taste that "Chocolaty" taste that Runkel's has. Um! but it's good—and not like the cocoas you usually get. It's rich and delicious and strong—but the easiest thing in the world to digest. Only 24% of cocoa butter, that's why.

## To The Housewives of South Bend

We solicit your patronage for Runkel's Cocoa, advertised in The News-Times and beg to recommend it to you as a pure healthful-food drink for every meal of the day.

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Bell & Longshore, 509 N. Cushing St.  
C. E. Brady, 1111 S. Michigan St.  
Bright's Grocery, 643 Laporte Ave.  
Brotherhood Grocery, 230 N. Main St.  
Brodbeck Bros., Colfax Ave. and Main St.  
N. Budnick, 803 S. Chapin St.  
C. W. Crofoot, 755 S. Michigan St.  
East Side Bargain Store, 518 E. LaSalle Ave.  
J. C. Fox, 627 E. Jefferson Blvd.  
Frepan, Burmeister & Frepan, 811 Lincoln Way W.  
D. Glasgow, 1015 Corby St.  
L. Goebel, 1213 W. Colfax Ave.  
Jos. Grunwald, 1624 S. Michigan St.  
Gross Bros., 1320 Catalpa Ave.  
Gross & Gross, 435 Chapin St.  
J. N. Hively, 241 Dubal Ave.  
L. Hummer, 705 Lincoln Way E.  
C. J. Johnson, 217 S. Chapin St.  
A. J. Korpel, 325 S. Walnut St.  
E. J. McCartney, 702 E. Jefferson Blvd.  
H. Marciniak, 1001 W. Division St.  
H. J. Martin, 412 N. Lafayette St.  
F. W. Mueller, 136 Lincoln Way E.  
C. A. Muessel, 113 N. Main St.  
Mrs. J. T. Murphy, 602 Francis St.  
M. Newmark, 416 N. Eddy St.  
O. K. Cash Grocery, 325 S. Michigan St.  
Fred Rostiser, 731 Lincoln Way W.  
L. H. Schuster, 1602 Leer St.  
Geo. Sommerer, 534 E. Colfax Ave.  
H. C. Stegman, 502 E. Wenger St.  
H. W. Striebel, 501 E. Ohio St.  
South End Market, 817 S. Michigan St.

# A-

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